

Give The Arms A Chance To Be Seen

The sleeve is one of the most conspicuous parts of the new fall and winter fashions for gowns. Before this year the sleeve has played an important part, because of some particular merit the sleeve itself possessed. A dozen years ago it was so big it attracted attention. In later years it has been so tight the wonder is that women could get it off without first unscrewing their hands.

This year it is important because of its absence. The woman's arm is coming into its own again. The sleeve when present is made of filmy material or of wide mesh material and the dimpled arms can look through and be seen. In that does the sleeve hold its charm. The sleeve is long and black when present and contracts sharply with the white of the arm beneath.

the truly fashionable creation, is an exquisite concoction of airy tulle, lace and gauze, with occasionally a touch of fur and a wide girdle of velvet.

Predominating in style is the Russian blouse effect, which while rather extreme, for as ever the pendulum of the mode has swung as far as possible in the opposite direction, is bound to prove becoming to young and old. There is something altogether bewitching



The sleeve with a shaped cap top and a long, full undersleeve, finished with a tight cuff, is a favorite autumn model. Then there is the long sleeve, which shows a long puff running from just below the armhole to the top of a six-inch cuff, while perhaps the most interesting sleeve of all shows a relationship to the full bishop sleeve, only it is made more fanciful. The top of this sleeve has its fullness laid in quarter-inch-wide unstitched tucks. The tucks are held in place three times down the sleeve's length by small buttons, which are lightly caught to a tight-fitted lining or net. Between these rows of buttons the tucks, so lightly caught, fall into loose puffs.

Sleeves which have a wrinkled mousquetaire effect are again among the new models. These long sleeves have much to do with increasing the long effect of the body, which is a feature of the new silhouette.

The evening gown of today is charming—in fabric, hue and design. What there is of it that is, as

about the baggy shapelessness of the Russian blouse carried out in spangled tulle over shining satin finished at the top with a wisp of a shoulder strap and a glittering butterfly. In the main these frocks are of white or black, with just a touch of color supplied by a cluster of flowers. Very few are shown with trains—and what trains there are are short and generally pointed.

As a rule all evening gowns of the season are made in the very smart round length, just clearing the floor. When they are not extremely long-waisted in effect they are banded at the waist line with a broad crushed girdle, which is a near relation of the basque. In some cases this wide sash is the bodice of the gown. One appealing little frock—a direct importation from over the seas—of which there are very few this season—of course—is of white charmeuse draped with heavily embroidered white silk tulle. Little cup spangles, called "plettes," which are made of gelatine, and will take the place of

the heavier crystal beads, are used for this omnipresent embroidery, which is really a triumph of workmanship, as the foundation is richly embroidered with colored silks first and then the plettes applied. The gossamer hand-run lace sleeves of this girlish creation are loose and flowing from the shoulders, and are caught down over the hand onto the thumb to simulate the dainty lace mitts worn by the belles of 1850, when that other war was in progress. This is a pretty fancy of the moment.

Tulle is as necessary a part of the evening gowns today as it proved for the past season, although with each season we find it a little firmer and more enduring. This year it is used everywhere for tunics, overdresses, sleeves and bodices. It is being rather elaborately embroidered with sequins of jet and opalescent colors, and the new tulle lace is thickly encrusted with silver and gold. One stunning confection made of rich cloth of silver is relieved only with a gorgeous Calla lily, each petal of which is glistening with crystal beads.

CLOAKS AND GOWNS ARE MUCH LONGER.

A new sand colored lace, embroidered with silver and banded with a dark fur, is used on several of the very chic gowns, and there is a new trimming of ground steel, which is wonderfully effective. While black and white predominate in the evening creations there is a lovely shade of tawny orange which is proving popular, and two shades of blue—a gray peacock and a soft pastel gray blue. While yellow has not the vogue it has had through the summer still some very smart gowns in the different shades are shown, ranging from the deep orange to the pale canary.

The cloaks and coats for evening wear are all much longer, which is only natural with the general trend of fashion toward the long coats throughout. They are almost in-

FROM left to right—Dance dress, with rosary bead trimming, black net over satin, banded bottom of green satin and underdrap of black satin, three-inch tulle ruffles. Dance dress, white satin and lace. Victorian period evening gown, embroidered net tunic over satin, embroidered marine blue pan velvet, silk high-rolling Victorian collar. Evening gown, black satin duchess, beaded net wing effects sleeves, jet beads with jet fringe, blue French velvet rose at bosom.

variably banded with fur. Beaver and white fox are popular and all the long-haired furs. Instead of the regulation scarf, a new short, pointed cape effect is shown, which is bound to leap into favor from a practical as well as an ornamental point of view. One handsome evening wrap is of solid jet beads, applied to a charmeuse foundation, and a combination of dull and shiny beads is used, giving a delightful brocade effect. The solid embroidery of the plettes in rainbow shades is very smart. A new fancy is to make the cloak and muff in one, which is clearly carried out with the velvet of the lining and the broad fur cuffs. Many of the new evening coats are of broad velvet, heavy broadcloth, and of course, sealskin sable.

Despite war and barking of lean days to come this winter, Dame Fashion is no whit less giddy than she was last spring. For instance, Her riddiness has taken the form of adopting somber blacks and browns, however. The hats and suits are a deliberate attempt at pomposity and soberness. It is the garb of steppe-dwelling Cossack and mongrel that has attracted the designer. There is much fur, and heavy woolly coats, and broadcloth redingote suits, with nothing but the glitter of an occasional jet, metal button or ornament to relieve the depressing effect.

There are certain folk in America who believe we are taking undue advantage of Paris in trying to bring the fashion capital to Amer-

ica instead of waiting until peace days come to win the prize. In Canada, a child of Great Britain, and an ally of France, they have no such scruples.

In Montreal designers are already planning to take the capital away from Paris. Particularly are the Canadians boosting the Made-in-Canada game, and urging Canadians to try the Canada product. They are even trying to take business away from England. Yet, no one says the Canadians are not loyal. They are sending troops to Europe to fight for the King.

If Russia supplied the canvas agenda for the designers, it was an easy mode to adopt to Canada. That is why the "Made-in-Canada" cry of some of the stores is quite in order, and stylish, besides being patriotic. There is Hudson Bay seal and Alaska wolf, and James' Bay broad-tail to choose from. Ermine and skunk broken the North again, as do muskrat and mink, and silver fox.

In the evening dresses, maize and pink and absinthe (that's a new one, a delectable green shade), supplant former blazing tanges and vermillions.

Hats bear odd trimmings, from pheasants' tails to such sized panes and jelly-flowers as never garden produced. The hats are either tight-fitting turbans or enormous headgear a la Gainsborough. There are some cocked hats, to give a military air, and all manner of drooping plumes, as a languorous contrast.

The stores all give the impression that the fashion-makers were intending to go to Queen Anne for the fall things, when the war rumors scared them, and made them recede to Cromwell. A stern sort of black and white season, with some irresistible colors and geegaws bursting out of the austerity.

MUFFS FOR WINTER SHAPED LIKE MELONS.

Milady's muff this year must be shaped like a melon. A variance is the Rugby football shape, which

and pretty soon founded one of my own.

Personally, I am tall—six feet two, with a high backward forehead. It is getting more backward each year. It won't be long until it can be seen by the people in the row behind.

It came easily enough for me to write "When to Lock the Stable." The idea had been buzzing around in my head for some time. The scene is located in the town I was born in, and I knew in real life every character in the book.

My favorite character in the book is Brassy, the hog cholera man. A lot of people have asked me why I give so much space to a man who sold hog cholera, and I say, "Because I like him." He started out

Then I got a job on a magazine

New Styles in Gowns Dictate That the Arms Should Be Covered With the Filmiest Material or Go Uncovered Altogether ---Skirts Are Made Longer



seems a similar design to the non-technical. Fox is the fur to wear in a set, and skunk, mole, chinchilla, Russian or Hudson Bay sable are a la mode. Seals and Persian lamb, mink and ermine, are the thing for fur coats.

The acquisition of monkey-fur to adorn the hats of women is the prize a lady buyer at Paris carried off when she crowded on the platform of one of the last trains to the seaboard. Boxes and trunks were got through to England, by dint of much persevering, and the stands and models and showcounters proclaimed Paris and the boulevards thereof.

Six quails spread their mottled wings and bodies over a brown velvet hat that is to adorn some graceful head. Two parrots gaze at one another over the jet mount of a black turban. And between the birds comes the fur of the peanut-loving monk, to serve as a graceful, wavy bandeau on a pink satin sailor.

There is a little hat which comes to a velvet point at the front. Inside the cockade is cerise plush. A long pheasant tail darts nearly two feet into the atmosphere above it. Set down over the ears, the daring hat looks peculiar. Slouched over the eye, tilted almost to slipping off,

it is at once debonaire and charming. Mlle. the Paris buyer, insists that all the new hats should be worn so perched well over the forehead, with the plume, or the silver rose, or what ornament there be, set at the one possible angle. It is thus that they wear them in Par-ee.

"Battleship Grey" is a series of ominous little sheet-steel silvers, tempered and polished to glitter like jet. They certainly bristle like a British man-o'-war, and incidentally are a real adornment to a hat.

That is one of the details in the "Made in Canada" infusion. Midnight blue is a shade they introduce. They revivify bottle green as facing in a cocky little cockade, and corinthine, a regular Omar Khayyam of color, is a luscious new wine-shade. More huge pansies—these are purple ones, and some cream-yellow poppies with red pollen centers, are featured.

IN THE OLD TIN BOX. The Secretary of the Treasury announces that the United States has \$1,200,000,000 in her vaults and is not worrying.—News Item.

This war looks tough (said Uncle Sam); It gives the Old World quite a slum. But I can stand a few hard knocks. With a billion and a quarter in the old tin box. It feels first rate to sit and think. Though motorbikes go on the black When they've got nothing in their socks, I've a million and a quarter in the old tin box. —Frank M. O'Brien in New York Times.

WHAT AUTHOR OF "WHEN TO LOCK THE STABLE" WROTE ABOUT HIS OWN RISE FROM A \$3 WEEK JOB

When the publishers of Homer Croy's new novel, "When to Lock the Stable," wrote him for a history of himself, this is what they received:

Certainly I'll tell you about myself—I have so lived that I can tell any publisher about myself. I was born of that popular brand of parents—poor, but honest—in a small town in Missouri—a town of 3,000 souls and a water tower. (They call it Marysville in some railway guides, but I have a long list of names for it which have been bestowed on it by traveling men et al.)

My first job was working on the local paper. I received \$3 a week—every week, rain or shine. I was the best leg reporter that the

paper ever had. I could walk farther and ask more questions getting a two-line local than any other person ever employed on the paper. The first two weeks I was on the paper about the only stories I turned in were happenings in my own family. My father couldn't shut the front door without my having it in the paper.

One day the editor called me in and said, "I'm afraid that I'll have to dispense with your services—there aren't enough Croys taking the paper to make retaining you profitable."

Taking the hint, I resigned! When I got through college I went to the Jamestown Exposition and got a job managing a wild man show, but the wild man struck for

more money, so I went over to Newport News and started for Cuba with 65 cents in my pocket.

They found me the second day out and put me to passing coal, but I persuaded the captain that my talent lay in another line, so he set me to work in the steam galley washing dishes. This was more congenial, as I had to wash dishes only thirteen hours a day. The rest of my time was spent reading, writing and in other quiet amusements. I tried to escape at Havana, but they had thought of that and kept me in the brig.

When I got back to Newport News I still had 50 cents in my pocket. With that I came back to St. Louis and got a job on a paper filling fire buckets and doing

morgues. The editor said that he thought I was gifted in this line, but I did not know which field he meant. The home paper spoke of it as a "lucrative position" and said that I was to be congratulated, but my roommate said, "But what about the paper?"

When they found that they could get along without me I came to New York and got a job with a press agent. My principal duty consisted of telling him when to duck out the side door. One morning when I came down there were half a dozen anxious-looking men standing outside pounding on the door and trying to get in. However, I lost only part of a week's salary.

Then I got a job on a magazine

to be a minor character, but pretty soon he was playing with the majors.

The Visit of Eugenie.

Nothing more pathetic could be imagined than the ex-Empress Eugenie's pilgrimage to Paris, which, at her advanced age, she is never likely to revisit. Wherever she went, the venerable lady was faced with reminders of bygone ownership. At the Carnavalet Museum she inspected the wonderful carved cradle with the imperial crown which served for the unfortunate prince imperial, and at Fontainebleau she saw the casket which had once belonged to Anne of Austria, and which Napoleon III had given her for her gloves and fans, "my casket," as

she called it. Perhaps the most touching incident was when the gardener of the Tuilleries, who had first protested at her plucking a geranium, made up a bouquet on learning that the visitor was the former owner of the gardens.

Shark a Long Distance Swimmer. The shark holds the record for long-distance swimming. A shark has been known to cover 300 miles in three days.

From Experience "Mother, don't worry about me. If ever I fall in love I will be very careful." "Then you won't be in love."